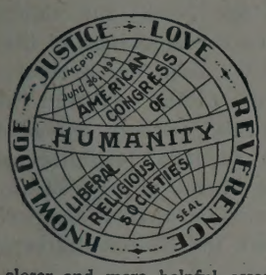
The New Unity

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Established 1878. Chicago, September 26, 1895. New Series, Vol. 1, No. 30.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

"'The old gods pass,' the cry goes round,
'Lo! how their temples strew the ground';
Nor mark we where, on new-fledged wings,
Faith like the phœnix, soars and sings."

Richard Le Gallienne.

TRUE sanctity only comes with health of spirit as of body to those who live in harmony with the creative forces of the universe. Chronic invalidism can often be traced to misanthropic selfishness. Moral ill-health precedes the physical. A healthy soul can make wonderful uses of a poor excuse of a body.

AN English newspaper, *Light*, published in the interests of psychical research and kindred matters, has a kind word for THE NEW UNITY. In a recent issue it says, "It is doing good work in clearing away accumulations of dust and weeds of sectarianism and pointing to the eternal rock of spiritual religion."

THE invitation which the Western Conference at its May meeting extended to all the state conferences to select each one a director to act on its board as the representative of the local conference, was accepted by the Minnesota Conference at its recent session, and the chairman of its Missionary Committee, Rev. F. C. Southworth, of Duluth, was chosen. We hope the other conferences will follow this excellent example.

THE *Altrurian* for September finds in the realm of sociology that the "orthodox" in the full etymological significance of the word is as great a trouble in sociology as in theology. There is something sublimely pathetic in the egotism and the blindness implied in this word, "orthodox," "the straight doctrine," "the true believer," "the correct faith." Assumptions are these which only the sterile mind unsubsoiled by reflection and unfertilized by investigation and thought can rest complacently in. In the September number, this paper says: "The discomforture of the orthodox is always a glad and grateful sight, and of all the orthodox, the orthodox socialist is the one that most deserves a fall, for the orthodox socialist knows more things that are not true and is more sure of it than all the rest of the creeds put together."

Vacations ought to have a great economic value. Sleep is no twin sister of death, as Greek art makes it, but it is the most active and constructive of all conditions. The conscious forces retire, only that the dominion of the unhasting and unresting forces may be more complete. The fitful will of the finite resigns in favor of the infinite will, and what seems so deathlike, is most intense life. While we wake we waste tissue; while we sleep nature takes control, carts away the debris and builds up the waste places. And this reconstruction is spiritual as well as physical. During sleep even the murderer is innocent, and the lustful is pure. The coarse and hardened in their sleep, ever and anon renew their baby innocence. The shadowy touch of mother's hand, the remembered glee of childhood hours, and the blessed kiss of earliest love come again to the soul in sleep. It is one way that God has of reconciling the wicked world unto himself.

THE *Moslem World* for September tells us that there are now over seventy million mussulmen in China where twenty-five years ago there was less than thirty millions. These figures suggest unquestioned growth, a remarkable tendency upward in that, to us, far off and half unreal realm of human thought and feeling. The faith of Islam is stalwart, heroic and severe in its moral standards of sobriety, honesty and kindness of animals. The complacent conservatism of China, the impersonal state-craft religion of Confucius, must find in the teaching and example of Mohammed a stimulus that will make for progress. If this triumph of Mohammedanism does not make directly for the spread of the Christian name and Christian organization, it does contribute to that common triumph which is coming to the spirit of Jesus as well as the spirit of Buddha, Socrates and Mohammed which will make religion ethical and ethics devout and zealous. These also are hastening the coming of the kingdom of righteousness, the kingdom of peace and good-will among men.

A CORRESPONDENT, speaking of one of the approaching state assemblies, writes: "I think that we shall be able to cast a shovelful or two of earth into the gradually narrowing chasm that separates the lovers of righteousness into various companies, at any rate we have a hope in that direction." We commend this hope as the most laudable object to be pursued by the coming Unitarian and Universalist State Conventions and Conferences. There is manifested in many quarters on the part of the representatives of these organizations great anxiety to differentiate themselves from the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies and a great hesitancy to either follow or lead in the direction it would seem to indicate. The Congress has nothing to lose or gain by such attitudes. It seeks only to help those who are seeking help and to use those who are willing to be used; but the state conferences and conventions have much to lose in this direction. In so far as their sectarian nervousness is discovered, in so far as loyalty to the name Unitarian, Universalist or any other sect name is made subservient to the unity and universality which they affect, in just so far will the noblest elements within their borders slacken their grasp and lessen their zeal. In so far will the students of science and philanthropy, the lovers of

literature, art and ethics, all of which are universal and synthetic, distrust them and allow them to sink into greater imbecility and spiritual impotency than ever. The Congress can abide its time. Its cause must progress, if not inside, as we had hoped, of these organized camps, then outside and in spite of them.

Some of our Universalist brethren in Iowa are, it would seem, a little disturbed by the broad character of the very generous program prepared by the committee for the State Convention. Especially do they object to the appearance of some who are not in the fellowship of the denomination, and to the use of the word "liberal." We are permitted to quote from a letter to one of these critics by Rev. J. H. Palmer, the State Secretary. He says: "As to the gentlemen whose names are on the program, but who are not members of our convention, neither excuse nor explanation is needed. They are there because of their peculiar fitness for the work assigned them. If the Universalist Church cannot stop its puttering drivel about the good time we are going to have when we all get to heaven, long enough to pay a little attention to God's poor and oppressed who need no deeper hell than they are already consigned to, then it is time that it was dead, and even the dishonorable memory of it forgotten. You do not seem to like the word 'liberal,' and to intimate that we would thrive best on a diet of pure sectarianism, for I do not suppose that you would like to be held as 'illiberal.' But the word is with us, and for the highest and holiest uses. * * * Every man and organization that is living for the improvement of the 'other self,' as Drummond so aptly puts it, is liberal. Personally, I can hope for nothing in any other course. I must be Christian before I am Universalist, and human before I am either. And what is more to the issue, I must serve the man before I do the dogmatist or the sectarian. I have no time to quarrel over what a man believes. I do not care enough to turn my hand over, whether he is gnostic or agnostic, Trinitarian or Unitarian, Baptist or Buddhist, and certainly I don't care whether he is Universalist or Partialist, only so that he is aflame with love, and is earnest in fighting the common foes of greed, oppression and brotherliness. That is Universalism as I understand it—real belief in the oneness of humanity—and everything else is but a tawdry imitation. Such Universalism has large use for the word 'liberal.'"

In our Liberal Congress department this week we reprint a recent telegraphic special to the columns of the *Chicago Tribune*. It contains an account of a most interesting sociological experiment which carries suggestions in many ways. To our mind the first and deepest impression made is that of an unexpected short-meter vindication of the slow conclusions of civilization. The economic world is not yet adjusted, but any adjustment will be mal-adjustment that does not give the indolent a good chance to work and then starve him if he refuses to avail himself of the chance. This young officer, Mr. George of the 22d New York Regiment, has adopted largely the same plan of disciplining these children of the slums which Capt. Machonochie adopted at Norfolk Island, when he undertook to bring order out of the desperate chaos at this colony, where England sent the worst of her penal convicts. Machonochie succeeded to a wonderful extent and thus laid the foundations of what is now known as prison reform. The criminal and the pauper are at the present time shamefully neglected, and then when times get bad enough they are cossetted and sheltered in an equally shameful way. The result in both cases is pitiful. A competent commission of scientific men ought to carefully study this New York experiment, and a copy of their report should be sent to every member of every legislative body of the United States from the National Congress down to town boards and city councils. Here is also a clear case where New York has got ahead of Chicago. Have we in Chicago no children of the slums who would profit by such a summer discipline? Have we no young military officer to be aided by "more than twenty-three young women and seventeen college men" who next summer will lead out from our Chicago alleys this youthful army to some beautiful farm in northern Illinois or southern Wisconsin where the work of renovating bodies and constructing souls will be carried on simultaneously? Will not the *Chicago Tribune* lead public sentiment and evoke public support in this direction and do for the juvenile industrial republic what the *Daily News* of Chicago has done for the summer hospital for children on the north pier?

The Ministry of Reconciliation.

No better illustration can be found of the truth slowly realized that the sanctities of life are being guarded more in these days by the so-called secular forces than the so-called ecclesiastical forces of the world. Last week on the battle fields of Chicamauga there was witnessed a scene which neither the priest nor the politician could have produced, and could not in the depths of their hearts have relished. The vanquished became conquerors at Chicamauga last week and the conquerors did all they could to take the sting out of their victory. Thirty years ago it was a drawn game at Chicamauga; both parties claimed a doubtful victory. Last week both parties were magnificently triumphant.

The interesting lesson for our purposes is that this reconciliation was across the chasms of political parties and across the still wider chasm of religious creeds and Christian sects, and still the reconciliation was a real one. They joined hands upon the more permanent interests, they stood upon the more universal platform which was revealed through valor. The reconciliation at Chicamauga in 1895 was a direct product of the heroism exercised in 1863. The valiant are always chivalric, the loyal in the long run are on the way to truth. We send our greetings to that sacred brotherhood who found in conscience the blessed reconciliation from the antagonisms of conscience. In fighting for duty, they fought unwittingly for unity. The result of their valor is the insight that enabled them to see through surface differences into central harmonies. Such scenes make one ashamed of his exclusive creeds and theories and in love with the things that combine the universal things of life, duty and destiny. We send our greetings to the grizzly veterans of the gray and the blue and hail them in the, to them, expected role of prophets of religion, psalmists of harmony, the saints in the church of the unity as well as of the national life rooted in and springing from the United States of America.

The Interval Expedient.

O. B. Frothingham says of Theodore Parker, in substance: "There was no interval between his private thought and public utterance." Parker himself said, "The world is ready for a truth the moment it arrives from heaven." But how reluctant is human nature to trust this divine spontaneity! How large a factor in the history of thought and of progress is this interval expedient! How many good people are waiting before they say or do great things, for the world to get ready for it! How many high truths are withheld for the "time to ripen"! This is not the interval cowardly. As for themselves, they are only "prudent" people. They are quite ready to accept the new thought or do the new thing. It is not for their own souls or their own interests that they tremble, but it is for the interest of truth or, to use their favorite term, for the "interests of the cause" they hesitate. It is sad to reflect how many causes are cursed by the prudence of its friends; how many movements are blighted by this "interval expedient"; how the progress of humanity has been retarded by those who have been waiting for the world to get ready. The army that waits for the rear guard to come up seldom attacks any enemy because before it arrives the battle line is somewhere else. Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables" described the belled gardener of the convent as "a poor thread-bare soul, but one who acted from first impulse, a precious quality, one which ever keeps a man from any great wrong." Spontaneity is the quality of conscience. The intellect should hesitate, move cautiously, but when the judgment is made up and the soul sees what is right and what is beautiful, that moment the soul should speak and act, else it suffers a partial paralysis. Here the "soul that doubteth is doomed; he that hesitates is lost."

The obvious fact is the world is never ready for the best things except in so far as best things ripen them. The times were not ripe for Parker, for Channing, for Wesley or

for Luther. Aye, the world was not ready for Jesus, it is not ready yet. In morals the soul must move on direct lines. In religion there must be no dissembling and no waiting else it becomes irreligious. We do not overlook the rights of the conservative, the sacredness of caution. Until one sees different he should stand by the vision that is his. Let him occupy the citadel of his convictions and die in the last ditch though the army of progress march over his dead bones. We have in mind those who say "That is right; some day it will triumph but it is too soon yet"; those who deliberately wait for the "lumber" wagons to come up before they put their batteries into position. Poor Copernicus! what did he gain by his thirty years' silence? The world was not ready for his book even when he was passing out of the world and he could not defend or expound it further. Granted that for him this interval expedient extended his life the "twenty-three years" more or less of the story. What was that suppressed and hidden life worth to humanity, or to God, compared to the sun-clear light of one who trusted, declared and if need be suffered the death of the deathless?

Nowhere is the interval expedient so persistent a factor as in the so-called religious history of the world. Although the statement is self-contradictory, halting religion is irreligious, the indirections of faith are faithless. The general who is always guarding his flanks and watching his supply trains misses his opportunity. The Luthers who stay inside the Catholic church, the unconfessed Wesleys of the Episcopal church, the Presbyterians who know that progress is right but regret the rashness that says it; the Unitarians who in 1886, conceded the soundness of the Cincinnati position, were quite confident that eventually the position would be vindicated, but regretted the premature declaration. They who today in many denominations recognize in the Congress an ideal fair and promising, an ideal that some day will have the potency of work in it, but who regret the precipitancy, the time lost by not waiting, seem to us, with all due deference to their intellectual vision and moral probity, to be suffering from the blight of the interval expedient. If the Congress waits until the hindmost comes to the front, it had better, like McClellan's army "go into winter quarters and get ready to maintain a masterly inactivity for a long time to come," because the Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, Jews and progressive Orthodox are not ready to come into a corporate confederacy as denominations and organize an interdenominational life which eventually would necessarily paralyze their smaller schemes and endanger their peculiar trusts. Most all Unitarians, Universalists and the rest of them withhold their personal support, their moral sympathy and their individual investment from this holy synthesis, the divine hunger for union and the prophetic recklessness that dares work for the impossible, to stand for the unpopular, do the right deed in an unright world, lead reluctant humanity in the progress which ever blesses those who distrust it and moves those who oppose it, because they think the other man is not ready for it but they are.

When the Congress ideals and activities are distrusted and opposed by those who disbelieve in its fundamental postulates, who find in its declaration of principles an inadequate basis of co-operation; those who believe that there must be a dogmatic plus to the great law and life of love before it can become an effective basis of church work and religious life, we understand the opposition, we respect it. We greet them as fellow workers with us for their sincerity makes for the things to which the Congress is committed; but when those who confess the fair ideal, who declare their desire to see the ideal realized but still counsel hesitancy, inactivity, indirection, we find ourselves losing our bearing and like the mariner at sea when his compass is disturbed by the false attractions of some local metallic interference, search the heavens for the North star that we may verify our bearings again. What though the world may not be ready for it, the so-called liberal denominations, like the other denominations, are not ready to de-denominationalize themselves. Perhaps they never ought for it would be abandoning some trust. Still there are some people in the world, some Unitarians, Universalists, Jews and "What-not," who are ready for the community church and the wider communion indicated thereby. The time has come for such to speak and act and thus fulfil the divine mission of the minority, if need be, the hopeless minority. Aye, though it be the forlorn hope, still there is nothing so high and noble for such to do as to die on the picket line with their eyes to the front, still bearing their banner onward.

Old and New.

Star Dust Revealed by a Sunbeam.

The bells of Westminster Abbey chime hourly a sweet, simple melody. The following words are allied to the tune:

"All through this hour,
Lord, be my guide,
And through Thy power
No foot shall slide."

It is not true that love makes all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficult.—*George Eliot.*

Denmark's police, when they find a drunken man in the streets, summon a cab, place him inside, and drive to the police station, where he is detained until sober. Then he is driven home, the police never leaving him until he is safe in his family. The cabman then makes his charge, the police surgeon his, the constables theirs, and this bill is presented to the proprietor of the establishment where the culprit took his last and overpowering glass. This system is tending to reduce the appalling drunkenness which formerly prevailed in Copenhagen.

The Tennyson memorial at Freshwater is to be an Ionic cross thirty-four feet high, called the Tennyson Beacon. It has been designed by Mr. John L. Pearson.

A young farmer from the upper ward of Lanarkshire, who became a benedict recently, took his spouse to a Glasgow theater on their honeymoon trip.

"Weel, Jamie," replied the buxom bride, with a becoming blush, "seein' that we're mairrit noo, maybe it wad e mair proper to sit in the family circle."

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

"The Darkness and the Light are Both Alike to Thee."

Across the sea to each soul on the land
The moonlight makes a pathway clear and bright,
And from the place we stand upon the sand
Across the sea it stretches in the light.

But when we turn our faces from that ray,
The moon then only serves ahead to throw
The shadow of ourselves upon the way
We take upon ourselves and choose to go.

Is this the meaning of those words of Love,
That darkness and the light to Thee are one,
That all is Light if looked at from above,
Ourselves the shadow cast turned from the sun?

Oh, let us keep our faces towards the Light,
And walk our pathway stretching o'er life's sea,
No shadow of the self to change to night
The way that full of Light leads on to Thee.

* * *

The Boys and Girls of the Slums.

A Sociological Experiment.

The history of the George Industrial Camp, or Juvenile Republic, as it has been called, that was disbanded last week, shows that the common belief that boys and girls are incapable of taking care of themselves is entirely unfounded. Had anybody, save one man, ventured to affirm that 215 boys and eighty-five girls, collected from the worst quarters of the East Side, could within one week be brought under complete discipline and taught to govern themselves, he would have been considered a fanatic. Yet W. R. George, a young man, an officer of the Twenty-second Regiment, not only affirmed this, but proved conclusively that he was right. In so doing he perhaps solved what has been called the "problem of the slums."

To Freeville, Tompkins County, N. Y., on a splendid forty-three-acre farm, commanding a magnificent view of a beautiful rolling country, Mr. George has taken from summer to summer the fresh-air children who were too disreputable in appearance or too incorrigible in behavior to be harbored by any farmer. Here the scheme which has been so successful this summer was developed.

July 5 he took these 300 particularly bad boys and girls to this farm for a two months' stay. Twenty-three young women and seventeen college men, volunteers, accompanied them as attendants and teachers. The morning of July 6 the first and only republic of the children, for the children, and by the children was founded.

Within one week the republic had held its first election, exactly as a New York election is conducted, from registry to stump-speaking and booth voting, and its president, senate, congress, militia, police force, and judiciary were put in working order.

Upon arrival each child was assigned to a class, the girls being instructed in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, cooking and housekeeping; the boys in carpentry, farming, landscape gardening and hostelry. No one was compelled to attend, but for doing so, from 8 a. m. to 12 noon, the children received at first 50 cents a day each. If they improved they were advanced to 70 cents and 90 cents, being paid in cardboard currency adopted by the government. With this money they paid 10 cents for each meal, ten cents for lodging, and three cents a day taxes for support of paupers. Lack of cash

compelled one to live on pauper fare—bread and water—and sleep in the paupers' cell on straw.

But later this was changed and a bill was introduced by a congressman, the son of paupers in New York, to do away with this. He said: "We don't want none idle here. If a felly won't work let him starve, but no more taxes to support him."

The bill was passed and the company motto, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," was rigidly adhered to. Yet at every meal there were those so indolent or improvident that they had no money, so sat without the dining tent and begged for food that never came. If caught begging they were arrested by the ever vigilant police and locked up for one day or fined 50 cents. Their clothes were not mended, they were given nothing unless they could pay for it. Before three weeks had passed each child had settled to its level, easily distinguishable by its appearance—the prosperous and the industrious, those who saw chances and took them, and the shiftless, improvident and lazy.

Among the former were two boys who, approaching Mr. George, offered to hire a barn on the place for $4 a day. They explained that they intended to start a hotel and the deal was made. Hiring carpenters to make windows and repair leaks, white-washing the interior and putting in cots separated by sheets hung from the ceiling, they christened it the Waldorf, and at $2 a week soon had a full house. It became the resort of the rich, and the proprietors, clearing $7 a week each, were the Rockefellers of the camp, never working, but having others to do whatsoever they would. Competition made them pay in the end $7.20 a day for the privilege.

Of course every public officer received a salary—senators $1.50, congressmen $1.20, and policemen 90 cents a day each, and they performed their duties with a faithfulness and energy perhaps rare in public life.

If apples were donated they were put up at auction and the successful bidder retailed them to his fellows. Others went out of the camp, and, getting fruit free, undersold the merchants. This emergency brought forth the man, the McKinley of the camp, who, rising in congress one day, said: "Mr. Speaker, the government sells us goods and, taking our money, lets other fellows come in with free goods, so we gets stuck wid ours. It ain't a square deal, and I offer a bill putting a tax of 25 per cent on all stuff brought in to be sold."

Here was a national question upon which seventeen speeches were made in the House and nine in the Senate, the bill finally passing. The debates brought out some wonderfully keen fellows and the elections became very exciting.

The police force and the judiciary were among the most interesting features of this little republic. Admission to the force was through a rigid civil service examination, and the position was a coveted one. Thirteen boys, from 12 to 16 years old, and two girls (clerks) made up the force. The penalty for failure to enforce laws or arrest offenders was dismissal. After three or four had been deprived of their uniforms the others, no matter how large the offender, arrested him at once.

Altogether eight boys tried to run away. Four reached New York and wrote back: "Tell Mr. George we liked der place, but didn't want ter be arrested by kid cops."

The four who got away bribed a sergeant of police, who slept at the door of their tent, not to wake, and to make sure the five other officers could not follow them they calmly took off every stitch of their clothes, so when the alarm was given the officers, not being accustomed to nature's suits, were at a loss what to do. As they were wrapping themselves in sheets the "redheaded" cop saw the sergeant had all his clothes and he immediately called for assistance, arrested his superior officer, and, thrusting him in jail, started in pursuit.

Hundreds of interesting things happened, and a student of human nature could find no better place for investigation than this camp. The inmates came back Friday filled with new ideas, new views of life and of their country, full of love for the dear old flag, and of determination never to do anything to reflect discredit on it.

Not all returned thus, but most of them did. One day a foreigner, an attendant, said an insulting word of the stars and stripes, and in a jiffy a crowd of ragged fellows brought "Old Glory" to him and told him to publicly apologize or get out. He apologized and said he was fooling. He was promptly told that "Yer countrymen got licked once for fooling wid it, and will again."

Another boy said: "Betcher life I'll go ter school when I get back; me mudder won't have ter lick me no more." He had aspired to be a policeman, but couldn't pass. Every girl and boy belonged to the militia, and it was to an American a touching sight to hear each evening the children, largely of foreign parentage, sing the patriotic songs and say a prayer for the Nation as the flag was lowered.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Three Wishes.

BY MARY KEYES.

It was morning all plunged in sunshine, fragrance and sweet sounds; as if the day would with light and incense and song pray God's blessing. I found myself in a hill-girt garden. Paths led past soft green lawns, by sweet waters, over gentle knolls, under the cooling shade of far-reaching trees, to a sparkling fountain in the very center of the garden. All the earth seemed to come here to quaff its waters.

Of one who stood near and seemed in authority I asked the reason for this vast concourse of people. He answered:—

"Know you not that this is the Wishing Fountain? Three times thou mayest wish, and that which thou shalt ask shall be given thee. And when thou shalt wish thou shalt drink of the cup I shall give thee."

"And what," I said, "is the wish of most human hearts?"

"Stand here, and thou shalt learn for thyself," he answered.

So through all that summer day I stood by the keeper of the fountain, listening to the heart cries of humanity. Pleasure seemed the boon most longed for. So eager were some that in one breath they cried:—"Oh for pleasure, pleasure, pleasure!" as if in one deep draught they would drink all life's possibilities. And I observed that ever at the bottom of the cup of pleasure was the bitter and that the bitterness blotted out the light and gladness of the countenance.

Of all who came that day I like best to remember a fair faced girl. She came early saying: "Master, I would be a queen." The Master handed her the cup, she drank and passed. When the sun had climbed its highest she came again. She said: "Master, I would be a saint," and the Master gave her to drink, and she glided away with ever the upward look upon her face. Just at the close of day she came yet again with reverent tread and hushed voice saying:

"Master, I crave the boon of perfect womanhood!" and lo! standing there in the flood of sunset I saw above her head the nimbus of the saint, resting on her soft hair the queen's crown, and in her eye the sublime look of the woman.

The Purpose of Human Life.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE BY DR. E. G. HIRSCH.

We do not come hither to please a deity, to win its favors or to disarm its wraths. We come here for our own sake. We appear here because we are convinced that there is more to life than the alternation between burdensome labor and disappointing pleasure. Our philosophy of life does not agree with that announced in dark moods of terrible suffering by Job, that man is but a hireling on earth like a slave under the lash, who when the sun rises longs again for its setting, and when the stars mount their watch o'er his impatient couch is moaning for them to fade away again before the light of the next day so slow to come. We do not agree with him that labor is a clanking chain—a fetter that ought to be burst, when all attempts to break this shackle have only evented in making the yoke more galling, man's lot more burdensome.

Nor do we agree with the philosophy of the other Biblical writer—the young man of Jerusalem, according to tradition in royal household cradled, wearing the purple of the princely station, rich in all the treasures of a fabled East, the man of culture who had browsed in all the pastures of knowledge and wisdom—the man who could command the advice of the wise men of the rising sun and of the far-traveled merchants of the setting day's regions. Ours is not the belief of him, who after tasting of all the pleasures of life, physical and mental, draws the sum of his existence in those fearful words—all is vanity, yea, vanity of vanities.

To us, and our presence here this morning testifies to this, life is more than labor and pleasure alternating as the up-stroke and the down-stroke of the white crested waves of an agitated ocean. Labor and pleasure are not ends to themselves; they are means for something more. They are ennobled by the thought that life is a trust, a task to do—for others than self. This trust to realize, and this task to learn, we come to this house.

If I mistake not, the struggle of the ages has been for the recognition of this valuation of human life. Ever since man was placed on earth or he had learned to puzzle over the mysterious cuneiforms of his own heart, this great interrogation-mark looms before him in stupendous import: What is man? What is human life? And as the ages unrolled their civilizations which flourished, withered and were laid away; as empires rose to power and fell to shame; as systems of philosophy were spun to give assurance and rent asunder again to dangle in the air torn cobwebs; as poets sang of their love, their despair and their hope; as artists held fast on canvas or in the chaster symbol of marble their wisdom and their vision,—the fundamental keynote of all their strife and struggle, their yearning and praying, their singing and prophesying, has been this one anxiety, "What is man? what is human life?" And today, louder than ever, does from the welkins above, from the depths beneath, sound in our ears the pointed query, "What is man? what is human life?" All the vexatious

issues of our day pivot and swing around this one problem. It is central to all others —it is the irritant around which must crystalize the solution in religion—it is the wire thrust into the fused ideas of the age around which must cluster and crystalize our notions of ethics. Yea, it and nothing else is at the bottom of that mighty struggle raging everywhere—now more sullenly,—anon in thundering voices sounding forth its battle cries, the struggle known as the social conflict.

For a larger manhood are the battalions massed today where the Czar of Russia with iron heel tries to stamp out the ambitious flame of liberty. The same battle flag is unfurled today where the young Emperor of Germany calls upon the battle-tried veterans of the struggle of twenty-five years ago, now to draw sword against their fellow-citizens —their brothers crying not so much for bread as for equitable recognition. The fury of the contest keeps France, the republic, astir where anarchists put the light of their cigarette in cold cynic self-possession, to the fuse of the bomb, not caring whether their own frail body be shattered into atoms, provided only protest be made against the existing order of things. The struggle is on in England, with dock strikers and laboring men generally aroused periodically to resistance. The struggle is ours here in America, where notwithstanding our boast that here humanity has full opportunity, today the wealthy men, too poor though they be to pay even for water, on the one hand, and the laborers on the other, often meet in hostile distrust of each other, the ones refusing to listen when the others clamor for a hearing. Yea, at the bottom of this struggle is nothing but the impatience for a larger humanity—central to it is the time-worn but ever insistent question, "What is man? what is human life?"

Answer to this query can only be given by religion. Here is religion's opportunity—here is religion's field. We are living in an age of specialization. Each science has become specialized; the scientific student has to concentrate his attention upon but one limited—very limited—field of observation and research. The man who is on terms of intimacy with the glaciers of Spitzbergen, cannot tell today to a certainty what the alphabetic signs mean written by the great author of all that is, in the cracks of rocks, though he be a geologist, as well as is he that pays attention to the script in the rocky tablets engraved by the fingers of nature to keep the record of her progress.

Or to turn to another sphere! Today the physician of the olden times is fast passing away. His memory is but a mere tradition. The man who could treat everything and treat everything well, is no more. Today we need a specialist in every department. There is scarce a function of the human body but requires the devoted and undivided courtship of a well-trained man to understand its operations in days of health and to detect its abnormal deviations from the regular in the hours of disease and distress.

Religion, too, has a special reservation of its own, and it is for the *religionist*, if I may coin this word, to stand for this specialty.

It is true, everybody today thinks that none is so ignorant but knows all about religion. The youngest man knows more than the scholar who has devoted his time for years—his thought for months, stretching out into decades—to this one subject. But this conceit is fatal. To understand what religion is, study is required, and the religionist as a specialist must be consulted, and it were well for our kind if these specialists were more frequently visited and their advice more frequently heeded.

Religion's one message, as the specialist knows, gives answer to this question? "What is man? what is the purpose of his stay on earth?"

This definition of religion does not tally, I know, with the prejudices current—the definitions that we find in text books. For most, religion is a service to some deity from which rewards are coveted and of which the punishments are dreaded. This great God, to use a homely but telling simile drawn from the depths of our political life, is a sort of a "boss" who is to be cajoled, fawned upon—on account of his considerable influence. He may give positions, and he may withhold them. Religion from this point of view is merely to be on good terms with this boss of the universe, so that when patronage is divided and the slices of the pie are passed around, we shall not be left shuddering in the cold. This view of religion I know, is very common; but never has view done greater violence to a theme than has this opinion to the great, the glorious opportunity and function of religion. Hear ye once more: In the center of religion standeth not God, but man. God needs not religion. Ask the prophets of old—they have anticipated this modern thought. "Do I need thy sacrifices?" asks one of Israel's prophets, one of old Israel's thinkers—"Do I need thy sacrifices?" "If I were hungry," says God, "I should not tell thee. Mine is the earth and the fulness thereof. Mine are the beasts of every field, the fowls that seek the company of the clouds, whatever moves and lives on earth is mine." "Shall I bring mine offspring," was asked Micah, "for my transgression? The son of my loins for my short comings?" The seer's reply has become the deathless pronunciaments of the highest in ethics. "I am tired of your sacrifices," says another prophet. "I do not drink the blood of the fattened beast. I do not scent the perfume of your sweet incense rising up toward heaven. Wash you, make you clean, is true service."

In one of the recent biographical notices which have appeared of Huxley, it is said that "no man of more reverent religious feeling ever trod this earth." W. H. Flower, in the *North American Review* for September, commenting on this statement says: "If the term 'religious' be limited to acceptance of the formularies of one of the current creeds of the world, it cannot be applied to Huxley, but no one could be intimate with him without feeling that he possessed a deep reverence for 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report' and an abhorrance of all that is the reverse of these, and that, although he found difficulty in expressing it in definite words, he had a pervading sense of adoration of the infinite, very much akin to the highest religion." Among many interesting personal reminiscences, the same writer tells of a meeting between Dean Stanley and Huxley which took place on one of the ballot nights at the Athenæum. A well known popular preacher of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, who had made himself famous by predictions of the speedy coming of the end of the world, was up for election. As the Dean came straight towards him from the ballot-boxes, Huxley asked if he had been voting for C. "Yes, indeed I have," replied the Dean. "Oh, I thought the priests were always opposed to the prophets," said Huxley. "Ah!" replied the Dean, with that well-known twinkle in his eye, and the sweetest of smiles. "But you see I do not believe in his prophecies, and some people say I am not much of a priest."

"Up through the mystic deeps of sunny air
I cried to God—'O Father, art Thou there?
Sudden the answer, like a flute, I heard;
It was an angel, though it seemed a bird."

—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain: lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Are the Saints all Dead?

A sermon preached February last in the Unitarian Church at Ithaca, N. Y., and inscribed to C. H. W., by the pastor, JOHN M. SCOTT.

To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints.—Rom. i. 7.

Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints.—Eph. ii. 19.

With that touch of pessimism which grief always has, Shakespeare has one of his characters say, "The evil men do live after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." This may have much truth, but the opposite is a greater truth,—"The good men do live after them, the evil is oft interred with their bones." It is upon this principle that all religions have had their holy men and women, whose memories have been inspirations to goodness. Upon this principle Confucius takes his great place among the Chinese; Buddha his gentle summer sweetness of power among the Hindoos, Japanese, Thibetans and others who acknowledge his mild sway. It is this that has made Abraham and Moses and the other Hebrew saints symbols of the higher life through all these countless generations of the Jews. It is this that has lifted the Christ to his throne in the human heartedness of the Christian centuries. It is this that has lead the Catholic church to canonize the holy ones of its communion, making them the saints to whom prayers are offered, beseeching them to intercede for the forgiveness of sin and the purification of the heart. It is this that has made Luther and Calvin great in an immeasurable influence, even unto this day. Not alone in religions has this truth had its triumph, among the nations it has achieved its victories. Each nation has its heroes, its patriots with great thoughts and great deeds who are that nation's inspiration in faithfulness to the national life and national duties. Nations do not pray to these saints of the civil world, but they so think about them, so talk about them, that the heart is quickened by their memory, just as the devout heart is quickened in the midst of its prayers. America has its saints. Washington is certainly as much canonized as any saint of the Catholic church, "Being first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Lincoln, with his confreres still living, who but for the assassin's bullet, might be living with us today, has taken his place among the holier emotions and nobler purposes of Americans, to do his deathless work so long as America is.

Not only the church universal, Protestant and Catholic, has its saints, but the local churches as well. In almost every church, that has a history, there are persons, passed on to the great silence, who are the saints of that church—some great and gracious minister, it may be, some dear woman or noble man, who lived nobly and lovingly in the life of that church and for the work that church aimed to do.

Not alone nations have their heroes, but communities as well. It is the enrichment of communities, the sacredness of its life, that there have been citizens who have stood for the higher life, so that they have become immortalized in whatever high things that community cherishes or attempts.

Homes also have their sainthoods, some one who has lived with such an unselfish devotion to all, that their memories are cherished with the devoutness of a worshiper, the

good they do so living after them, that it is impossible for those who loved and knew them to do and be as mean as otherwise they might. Such may be a father, or a mother, an elder brother or a sister, who from the exigencies of death, or some other misfortune, has been more than father or mother to the needy little flock. It may be some gracious uncle or aunt who has just, in the sweetness of their unselfishness, devoted themselves to the services of others. It is just this that Mr. Hearn has so charmingly made the center of his ennobling play, "Shore Acres." The popularity of that play lies in the fact that all of us in some degree have known this sainthood of homes, which lives in that play as Nathaniel Berry. It may be some one, nor kith nor kin to us, what the world may call a servant, as the dear Mary, to whom Joseph Jefferson in his autobiography pays such a gracious tribute as the strength and tenderness of his father's house. Literature and life are full of just such incarnate love, so devoting itself to the welfare of others that it lives in the hearts and lives of those others, as saint and savior.

True it is as that the leaf laughs out to greet its gracious creating summer, that the good men do lives after them, the evil is oft interred with their bones. For be it remembered that all these saints whom hearts have canonized are a part of our frail humanity. If any one wish, let him with Lanier accept "The Crystal Christ."—

"Ye companies of governor-spirits grave,
Bards, and old bringers-down of flaming news
From steep-walled heavens, holy malcontents,
Sweet seers, and stellar visionaries all
That brood about the skies of poesy,
Full bright ye shine, insuperable stars;
Yet, if a man look hard upon you, none
With total luster blazeth, no, not one
But hath some heinous freckle of the flesh
Upon his shining cheek, not one but winks
His ray, opaqued with intermittent mist
Of defect; yea, you masters all must ask
Some sweet forgiveness which we leap to give,
We lovers of you, heavenly-glad to meet
Your largesse so with love, and interplight
Your geniuses with our mortalities.

* * * *

But Thee, but Thee, O Sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poet's Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King or Priest,
What *if* or *yet*, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's—
Oh, what armies may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, Thou Crystal Christ?"

But, excepting him, I am as certain, as that there is nothing perfect in nature,—each leaf and flower and bird, somehow falling short of a perfect ideal,—that all the saints of church and nation and community and home fail of perfection, had something of unloveliness in them and in their lives, something doubtless of foolishness, of weakness. The reason why these have become saints, their imperfections little remembered, perhaps never thought of at all, perhaps the belief held that they were perfection itself, is just the gracious fact, "That the good men do lives after them, the evil is oft interred with their bones."

The beautiful thing about it is just this, that the persistence of the goodness and the emotion that that goodness awakens is so great that it overcomes and eliminates the imperfections, the evils. Some bit of soil may be very unlovely, some bit of green climbing up through it be at failure of the highest beauty, but within the heart of that green thing there is a wonderful blossom working to its glorification, and so it transforms the soil, and by and by the green stalk into itself making the wind sweet as it sings the song of itself to the eye that loves it. Just so it is that the striving, struggling beauty of humanity in the lives of these saints kept overcoming and overcoming all that was imperfect, until they have taken their place of sainthood in the hearts that love and reverence their memory.

I am not sure that all of the saints would have been just the most comfortable and delightful people to live with. If we could hear Xantippe's part of the story, saint Socrates would be shown a more remarkable saint from the street corners and from the academy than in the home. Were the full story of his home life known, notwithstanding the breaks of impatience and temper reported, Xantippe might show to have been the saint of patient and long suffering wifehood. Some years ago a friend of mine and I dropped into a "holiness meeting." The speaker, a young man whose experience could not have run very far or dug very deep, was teaching the idea of perfect sanctification, and claiming himself that he had attained unto it. My friend, a sharp observer and experienced man, whispered, "I will bet if you get up and contradict that fellow, he will get mad." I did not try the experiment, but I believe that my friend's remark touched the reality of our human nature. Some of the saints of old had things in their own work and sphere pretty much their own way, or, if opposed, gloried and took comfort in their persecutions, resistance to these oppositions being a part of their own way in which they delighted. To have in some way doubted their sainthood, to have made some soft impeachment of their sanctity, would, I doubt not, have awakened in them the old unsaintly Adam. Indeed there is a spirit of modern historical investigation which takes very much delight in finding out the frailties of all kinds of saints, and attempting to dethrone the canonized by the plain unvarnished truth of their frailties. So they tell us that the freedom-loving splendors of William Tell's life are myths, that the story of Washington's hatchet belongs to fairy land, that the great and good father of his country was so human as to sometimes swear when he was very mad. These historians seem sometimes to wish very much to make Shakespeare's fact universal, "that the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones!" But let us not quarrel with the services they render in the science of true history. Only let us not be so disturbed by them in our hero worship, that we fail to get the gain of the truth that the good men do lives after them. Let us take these sainted ones all the closer to our hearts for inspiration, because they achieved the goodness they were and did, in spite of and through the very frailties with which we are frail and which so greatly discourage us from our high endeavors.

Just as it takes distance to mellow the ruggedness of mountains into the purple glory with which they make the landscape beautiful, so also, it takes distance of time, sometimes the falling of death shadows, in order to mellow out the work-a-day struggling lives of men into this memory of their goodness and greatness, which makes our human history, as we look back upon it, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." Not just with Keats do we sing of them, "Not yet dead, but in old marbles ever beautiful." Of them we say, not yet dead but in old memories ever beautiful. And just as it takes the light and the shadow to reflect the pictures, so it takes the good and evil of our saints to bring out their images into that loveliness unto which they inspire.

This all leads up to our question, are the saints all dead? My answer is, no, the saints are here in our homes, in our churches, in our country—we see them in the present pathos of our life, sinning with our sins, suffering with our pangs, holy with our holiness, aspiring with our aspirations, striving to fulfil the same duties that burden us, passioning after the same ideals which haunt and hurt us, seeming like that bird which led my boyhood's feet through the roughness and briars of the pasture field, as it fluttered with seemingly broken wing just out of my reach, deceiving me with the thought that I could catch it, and so leading me away from its dear nest.

One misfortune in the fact of sainthood is that so many people believe the saints are all dead. If such people could recognize the fact that the evil that the canonized did is interred with their bones, only the good living after them, they would have a different idea of how sainthood comes to be; they would have the eye that sees the sainthood that is at its life even now, the saints who are living among us in our very homes, in our very churches, in our very cities. In him we miss today from his place and work in our church, because of the sickness that holds him at home, we realize that one, who never even thinks about it, is canonizing himself in the heart of this little church, becoming a thought tender and true, an inspiration to the beauty of holiness, to the divinity of kindness, to the comfort that God's love takes the dear indirection of a human face to fascinate and bless and humanize us, filling our thought of his universe with friendliness. [These words were said when Professor Oliver was yet with us, with him and others of our own in mind as realizing this truth of present sainthood in our church. He was then to us the truth of this sermon in a power and eloquence his pastor's words cannot attain. When with us, then, canonized with the free good will of our best hearts and best judgments, much more now by the pathos of death in which mingles our gain and our loss, the light and shadow making his pictured memory a beauty and a joy forever.]

One fault that I find with great books is this, that they are apt to lead us to believe that all the great writers are dead, that no present books can equal those of the past, which have been canonized into classics. The fact remains that each generation can, and does, write its own great books—books which become the classics of the next generation. A superficial English critic of a century ago, sneeringly asked, "who reads an American book?" While the supercilious sneer was upon his lip, American literature was being born, and in its classics is as great a literature as that produced in any age, in any land. One hurtful thing the reading of books often does for us is the giving us to think that heroisms and sainthoods belong to some other people than our people, the opportunities for being heroic and saintly belong to other lives than our lives. So they waste in dreaming the energies which should be at work achieving in our own lives great heroisms and saintliness.

One of the most pathetic things in English history is the fact that Carlyle, the grim and great Scotchman, spent his life in

worshiping heroes and detailing their characters and deeds for the admiration of the world,—while all the time there was in his own home being lived out, one of the greatest achievements of wifely heroism and saintliness. His wife devoted her life to him with an unwavering faithfulness, he gruff and ungrateful, in his manner unloving, blind to the beauty of her love, deaf to the sweetness of its music. It was only after death had robbed him of his bonnie Jean that he could realize her saintliness, and break his heart over his thoughtless neglect and failure to appreciate her love and goodness. So are we told by an American traveller that this old worshiper of heroes was wont to go to the grave of his wife, and with head bared to the storm, kneel there in penance and pour out his lamentations and regrets that he had failed to appreciate and love her as her nobleness deserved.

Let us not make Carlyle's pathetic failure, in so believing that the saints are all dead, that we are blind to the saints that do live, and who so much need, in order to perfect their sainthood, just our loving appreciation.

Bishop Potter recently told the following story:

"Several years ago some of us were assembled in Calvary Church, New York, to bear our testimony to the life and influence of the late Dr. Edward Washburn. I may venture now to violate the confidence of a domestic incident which transpired then, and which, I think, you will own to have its significance and appropriateness here. One after another, Phillips Brooks, and others like him, rose in their places in that crowded study to tell what they owed to the genius, to the high spirit, to the unswerving loyalty to duty, to the splendid courage, to the rare scholarship, to the philosophic insight, to the prophetic utterance of Edward Washburn. The testimony was done. At the door, all the time, there stood a slender woman, who had stood, during his life, nearest to him of whom we spoke. I never shall forget her face,—the passion of it and the pathos of it,—nor the power, tender but reproachful, with which she spoke, when at length we were slill: 'Oh, if you loved Edward so, why *didn't* you tell him of it while he lived?'"

When the song of the angels faded out of the Bethlehem skies, music did not die away from the earth, nor when their songs thrilled the midnight silence was it the first music that the entranced ear of man heard. The fair lilies upon which Jesus looked with loving eyes, saying to his disciples, "That not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these," that they had their beauty just because of the tender watch care of the Father in Heaven, faded, but lilies have not ceased to be, they have not gone into universal sepulcher. When the birds who awakened melody beneath yon Syrian sky, enraptured the ears of Jesus until he told his disciples that the Father of man just lived his gracious life in all the birds, caring for them, rejoicing in them, wounded in their hurt, at some death in their dying,—when these passed into silence and "pathetic dust," there were still other birds to awaken the morning with music, to bless the world of nature and of man with their life and their beauty,—and will be while God's earth rocks in the cradle of infinite love, His infinite face of motherhood bending above it. When from the holy Olivet the passion-haunted eyes of the disciples saw the heavens open and receive Jesus out of their sight, goodness did not forsake the earth, human love was not lost in the cold and distant heavens,—the heavens but grew warmer and nearer through the dear brother who had gone into their wide spaces. The dream of himself which had so swiftly passed from the troubled men of earth still abode, awaking itself in the thousands of hearts who have loved as he loved, who have sacrificed as he sacrificed, who have passioned goodness, not alone for themselves but for the wrecked and wronged of sin, for the last tattered shred of humanity as he passioned it.

Just as today the lilies bloom as fair, the birds sing as sweet, human kindness is as precious, the love of God as tender, the thought of man as holy as when Jesus blessed the earth with himself, so is there today upon this earth about us and with us, everywhere and always, just that same goodness and truth which made the saints of the past what they were, and lifted them to their thrones of influence, whence they rule the hearts which love and admire them.

Paradise lies not behind the race of men, a tender regret saddening ever. It lies before the race of men, a splendid hope beckoning ever to its purple heights, to its holy continents of peace passing all understanding, where the very winds among the trees sing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will among men." The golden age of the world lies, not behind us, but before, always for us flushing the morning sky with the deathless hope that our ideals shall become realities, that all our holiest dreaming shall awaken, becoming true in the truth and goodness of all men perfected in their childhood to the Father of men. As Swedenbogh tells us of the celestial angels, that they are always growing younger, so this earth of men through the weariness and waste of sin, through the helpfulness and heart-cheer of holiness, through smile and tear, making alternating April weather, grows not old but young, the days of the holy and everlasting childhood of purity ahead of us yet.

The saints are not all dead. They are alive in many a reformer aspiring and sacrificing for the gain of the race. They are alive in many a sweet woman who goes about ministering to the unfortunate, garbed as a nun, or doing as holy a work, being but an uniformed Protestant. They are alive even in the midst of struggling business selfishness, resisting temptations, keeping unspotted from the world, consecrating the gains of business to the care of the widow and the orphan. They are alive in many a minister, in many a priest, who in love gave up their lives for the sanctification of others in the highest life to which they may be won. They are alive in that unselfishness of men and women going down into the squalor of the slums that they may bear messages of light and hope, that they may bring the salvation of awakening hearts to the lost in the sin and the squalor.

One of these is but just eulogized in our New Unity, a paper published in Chicago. Helen Heath, a member of the Chicago All Souls Church and a physician, winter before last when starvation was among so many of the thousands of the great western city, went down to minister among the thousands of Poles and others who are unskilled laborers. Among these

"She directed a relief station, ministering at one time to a parish of nearly five hundred needy families, calling to her aid the best help possible, the needy sufferers themselves; enlisting the very porter and drayman into the work of visitation and investigation, thus reducing imposition to a minimum and elevating help to the maximum; and before the end of the work, it became apparent that the best help offered at the Wall Street station was Dr. Heath herself. Her medical training made her the good physician, indeed, to the body, but her intense disinterestedness and beautiful altruism made her the good physician of souls also. She was loth to give up the work, but these parishioners of hers would not give her up. Their joys as well as their sorrows, their good fortune as well as their bad fortune, followed her to her Ellis Avenue home, four miles away; and last summer, while others sought the shade by the water side, in country places, she reopened her sympathy shop. Backed by a few friends, every day in the week, she was at the Bonfield place, where little ones were taken care of while mothers were at work; young girls were taught to sew; clumsy boys and men inspired to act for themselves; inefficient women quietly influenced to better cookery and more efficient home-making."

It was in All Souls Church, when about to set forth her plans for future work that she felt her death blow. On Sunday afternoon before her body was cremated at the Graceland Crematory "a memorial hour was spent in the church, and among the sincere mourners and true lovers, there were none whose grief was deeper or whose love more genuine than the pathetic attendants from the Wall street district. Many more of them would have been there, could they have clothed themselves in garments which to them would seem fitting to the place and occasion. As it was there were many who borrowed the necessary garments that they might come and drop their tears with those who loved her most and knew her best."

Thus among the saints, worthy of a place in the calendar of any church is this saint of the Liberal Church who has just passed away.

The saints are not all dead. They are alive in the Salvation Army, in the men and women who go down into the lowest squalor that they may bring the saving Christian love to bear upon hearts sodden in vice. They even, in loathsome tenement houses scrub the dirty floors, that so they may scrub their way into the hearts which vice has destroyed, awakening them with some grace of love, with a memory it may be, just as the prodigal of old was awakened in the midst of his degradation and swine herding by a memory of his home and of his father's love.

The saints are not all dead. They are alive in many a home where the devotion of a mother to her children's welfare is of a very part of that devotion of the Christ to the sinning and the lost whose story has sweetened across eighteen centuries. They are alive in many a sufferer, who like the sister of Arnold of Rugby, are never free from pain, held hourly to a helpless bed of sickness, and yet, as this great school-master says of her, "she never murmured or complained, so careful to make no trouble for anyone else, so thoughtful for the happiness of others, even unto the measure of a pin." They are alive in every heart that overcomes temptations and honors goodness, in every heart that overcomes selfishness, and honors the love that suffereth long and is kind; in every heart that is being made beautiful in the truth; in every life that, in its daily passions and ministerings, is a part of the loving kindness and tender mercies of God enduring forever, which in visiting the sick and the stranger and the prisoner, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry and giving water to the thirsty, is just a part of his human heartedness in which God laid the foundations of his worlds, even now, this side of any judgment, entering into the joys of their Lord.

The saints are not all dead. Let us believe this. Let us be wide awake to find them while yet they are at their hard tasks of sainthood; to help them achieve their holiness; so become their fellow helpers in the truth that our hearts too may whiten out of their evil into their sainthood and become gracious like the Creator's love in all the dear nature, bearing fruits and flowers for the joy of man.

Sainthood has not passed away from the earth, leaving us lonely of it in the midst of triumphing evil. It is here, enduring its sufferings, that brings it at last to its crown; to the aureole of that light which is above the

light of the sun, and yet is "on sea and land" wherever men are winning hearts unto the beauty of holiness, unto the grace of kindness. It is in every one of you hearing me now,—it is that which brings shame to your hearts when you have done the mean thing and left undone the thing of nobleness. It is in every degradation that you feel hurting you, that so you may not live at peace with your old evil. It is in every rebuke of your conscience, which turns the pleasures of sin into the pangs of remorse. It is in every noble emotion which visits your souls as though an angel had spoken to you. It is in every truth that wins you by its beauty into truthfulness. It is in every high resolve that you make to bring your life into some realization of the ideals your childhood must have dreamed. It is in every holy purpose to which you hold your life as with a hand of granite. It is in every great love that stirs your soul. It is in every tiniest kindness that lip speaks or life does. It is in every uplift of the soul to God as a Father, tender and true. It is in every thought of Him which so thinks of Him as the one great worth to whom it is noble to live, for whom it is ecstacy to die. It is in our dreams through which we think of God's deeper meaning in the making of man, through which we think of Him as just perfecting himself in the holiness and joy of every lost child that comes into the uncertain pilgrimage of this world. It is the soil of duty in which we root, the air of truth in which we grow, the sun of life in which we live and blossom.

In order to fulfil our higher commands, everyone of us needs to earnestly and devotedly believe in the present sainthood. Believe all you will in a sainthood that has been, in a sainthood that will be, but upon peril of becoming God's ideal of you, believe in a present sainthood—a sainthood ever seeking to be born in our hearts, to be glorified in our lives. For you the place of your holiness is just where your life's lot is cast, just where your duties' stern lips command, just where your life's sacrifices bear their cross to any Golgotha. God's meaning of you is just this, that you are a saint in the making. Beloved of God, you are called to be saints. You are now fellow citizens with the saints. And he has given to you this wonderful glory, even to be the co-worker with Him unto the perfecting of your sainthood.

This morning I summons you to the truth of a present sainthood. I call your attention to the fact that the saints are not all dead, that they are alive and around us and with us in the pathos and gladness of our lives. I summons you to search them out, to help them and by their gracious spirit, to be consecrated to higher things than perhaps you have yet dreamed. I call your attention to the sainthood that is struggling to be born in you, to become the strength and beauty of your life. I summons you to so revere your own soul, your own diviner self, as God sees you, that so you will strive earnestly and lovingly to become the purest woman and holiest man whom you revere; to become the divinest and most humane child of your Father, who although he is in His heavens is in his earth, and always seeking that he may save you from every sin into every holiness!—making you the saints who are the justification and worth of His world.

"I see," said the bridegroom, consulting one of the large posters displayed outside the theater before entering, "that there's a guid wheen different kind o' seats. There's pit and stalls and dress circle and family circle and gallery. Which should we hae, Maggie?"

The Home

"Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Who looks beneath life's outer crust
Is satisfied that God is just.

Mon.—Not time but feeling marks the face.

Tues.—Sin on the outer being tells
Not till the startled soul rebels.

Wed.—We want no kings but kings of toil—
No crowns but crowns of deeds.

Thurs.—The life that is worth the honor on earth
Is the one that resists desire.

Fri.—Think love although you speak it not,
It gives the world more light.

Sat.—Little by little the struggling soul
Will grow and strengthen and gain control
Over the passionate heart.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The Little Garden.

Written by Rev. John Richardson for his little girl to speak at a Sunday-school entertainment.

I have a precious little garden,
I don't know just how large;
It belongs to all the world, but
I have it in my charge.
I must spade it, hoe it, rake it,
And plant it with good seeds,
Or 'twill soon be full of thistles,
Or thorns and grass and weeds.

My garden is not for cabbage,
Potatoes, beans and peas;
And the seeds that I must plant there,
Not common things like these.
I must plant this little garden
With love and truth and right,
For its fruits will then be golden,
Its flowers all be bright.

If I plant the seeds of hatred
I'm sure to reap in tears;
If I sow the seeds of doubting
I raise but dread and fears;
If I sow for God and heaven
Sweet joys I always find.
Now this pretty little garden
Is in my heart and mind.

—*Youth's Instructor.*

Johnny Come Up.

Who is it? What is it? Boy or flower? Neither. It is a funny insect that may amuse boys and girls and older people. When I was a boy playing in the woods with another boy, we came to a great oak-tree lying on the ground. Much of the fiber of the tree had decayed and turned into very fine dust, in which we observed several small, dish-shaped depressions that had the appearance as if the water had been dropping and had displaced the dust. My companion said to me, "I will show you something funny," Then he stooped down close to one of the small pits, and repeatedly called out, "Johnny come up, up, up!" When, lo! the dust began to move at the bottom of the pit, and after a short time an insect appeared in the bottom of the pit. It was about as large as a full-grown lady-bug, but more robust, or thicker, of a dull brown color, and the upper part of its body was sparsely covered with short, stiff hairs. We examined it for a while without touching it. Then my play-mate changed his call to "Johnny go down, down, down!" and the little thing, obedient to the call, began to work down, and was soon under cover in the dust.

Recently I discovered the same kind of insect far from the place of the others, under a decomposing sand-rock; and this time its burrow, or pit-fall, was constructed in the fine sand. A gentleman was with me, and I proceeded to show what an untrained insect could do. I called as described in the former instance, and was promptly obeyed, which much surprised and greatly amused my friend.

The pit-fall being composed of fine dust constitutes a fine trap, and prevents ants or other small insects which chance to fall in from getting out, when they are immediately seized by the concealed insect and devoured. No doubt a very slight disturbance of the dust produces a noise, and arouses the little thing to promptly seek its prey. The human voice vibrating above it is probably supposed to be the noise of a victim in the trap. Its prompt action in coming up to the surface of the pit, when called, must result in disappointment in not finding prey suitable for its food.

Mr. C. L. Marlatt, entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, gives the technical name as "Myrme-leon," and says: "When full-grown, it spins a spherical cocoon, in which it transforms to an adult. The latter is a very delicate insect, with gauzy, reticulated [network] wings, resembling very closely a dragon-fly, and, in fact, belongs to the old order *Neuroptera*, which includes the latter."—Jos. Hartman, in *New Church Messenger.*

A Useful Possession.

If a string is in a knot,
Patience will untie it;
Patience can do many things,
Did you ever try it?
If 'twas sold at any shop
I should like to buy it,
But you and I must find our own,
No other can supply it.

Anna M. Pratt, in *Every Other Sunday.*

What Puzzled Margery. This is Margery's first year in school, and she is greatly interested in everything that occurs. One day recently she came home at noon greatly excited.

"Oh mamma," she said, "what do you think? Our teacher stopped right in the middle of a music lesson, and asked us how many turnips there are in a bushel. We just couldn't understand what that had to do with our music."

Mamma couldn't understand it, either; and, the more positive Margery grew about the matter, the more mamma felt she must be mistaken. Finally, to satisfy her own mind, one morning when she met the teacher, Margery's mamma asked her what she meant by asking the children how many turnips there were in a bushel, during a music lesson.

The teacher, too, was just as puzzled as Margery had been.

"Why, surely, I didn't ask such a question as that," she said. Then, after thinking a moment, she exclaimed, laughing,—

"Why, I asked the children how many beats there were in a measure!"

Margery's mind had done the rest.—*The Myrtle.*

Conscience is harder than our enemies, knows more, accounts with more nicety.—*George Eliot.*

The widow of Senator Leland Stanford has undertaken to pay the running expenses of the Stanford University. In order to meet the necessary $16,000 per month, she has been obliged to sell at auction some of the stock from the farm.

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Calendar of Unitarian Conferences.

Minnesota, Sept. 17-19, St. Cloud.
Wisconsin, Oct. 1-3, Madison.
Illinois, Oct. 8-9, Shelbyville.
Iowa, Oct. 15-17, Anamosa.
National, Oct. 21-24, Washington, D. C.

Iowa Universalist Convention

will hold its Fifty-third Annual Session at Iowa Falls, on Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29, with the following program.

Wednesday, Sept. 25. 7:30 P. M.—Introductory Sermon, Rev. John M. Gretchell, of Waterloo, Subject: "Thoughts for the Hour."

Thursday, Sept. 26, 9:00 A. M.—Conference Meeting, Rev. T. E. Dotter, leader. Subject: "The Denominational Outlook in Iowa." (*a*) The field as it appears. (*b*) The ideal we would attain. (*c*) The difficulties in the way.

10:00 A. M.—Organization of the Convention.

11:00 A. M.—Communion Service, in charge of Rev. Amos Crum, D.D. Communion service to be followed by collection for the "Gunn Ministerial Fund."

2:00 P. M.—Convention in session. Reports—(1) Executive Committee. (2) Treasurer. (3) Committee on Fellowship. (4) Secretary's Report.

4:00 P. M.—Address, Rev. Sophie Gibb, of Dubuque. Subject: "Some Demands of the Hour Upon the Liberal Church."

7:30 P. M.—The Occasional Sermon, Rev. S. L. Crum, of Boone.

Friday, Sept. 27, 9:00 A. M.—Conference Meeting, Rev. H. L. Gillespie, leader. Subject: "Sources of Spiritual Power."

10:00 A. M.—The Pastor's Hour. (*a*) The best use of Books and the best Books to use, Rev. Dr. Crum. (*b*) The Temptations of Books, Rev. Charles Graves. (*c*) The Place of Science in Pulpit Ministration. Rev. Jno. Arnoup.

11:00 A. M.—Convention in session.

2:00 P. M.—Session of the State Women's Missionary Association. Miss Alta Light, Webster City, president; Mrs. Kate Lasher, Webster City, secretary.

7:30 P. M.—Applied Christianity. Addresses by Prof. Geo. H. Herron of Iowa College, and Hon. L. G. Powers, Commissioner of Labor for the State of Minnesota.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 9:00 A. M.—Conference, Rev. Eliza Curtis, leader. Subject: "The World is Ever Young." (*a*) The value of youthful zeal. (*b*) Ideal unattained. (*c*) Loyalty to convictions.

10:00 A. M.—The Young People's Christian Union and Allied Societies, Rev. Chas. E. Varney, president; Miss Ida Seems, secretary.

1. The Report of the Secretary.

2. Paper, "The Boston Convention: What it was, and what we may hope from it," Miss Mary McAchran, Bloomfield.

3. Paper, "The Liberal Church as a helper to Young Women," Miss Jennie Hayford, Cedar Rapids.

4. Paper, "Onward," E. P. Sinclair, Waterloo.

2:00 P. M.—Convention business.

3:00 P. M.—Address, "Our Educational Opportunities," Prof. J. Clarence Lee, of Lomhard University.

7:30 P. M.—Sermon, Rev. Chas. I. Deyo, of Anamosa.

Sunday, Sept. 29, 9:00 A. M.—Regular session of the Iowa Falls Sunday School.

10:00 A. M.—Sunday School Paper, "Making the Best Use of our Available Means," Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids.

10:45 A. M.—Sermon, Rev. James Kay Applebee, of Marshalltown.

6:30 P. M.—Memorial Services, F. A. Bomer, late President of the Convention, and Rev. L. F. Porte.

7:30 P. M.—Concluding Sermon, Rev. Amos Crum, D.D., of Webster City.

The Wisconsin Conference.

The program of the Nineteenth Annual Session Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies, to be held in the Unitarian Church, Madison, October 1, 2 and 3, 1895, will be as follows:

Tuesday, 7:30 P. M. Address of Welcome, by Hon. H. M. Lewis, Madison; Response, by Rev. H. T. Secrist, Milwaukee; Conference Sermon, by Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn. Wednesday, 2 P. M. Devotional Exercises, Secretary's Report, and Reports from Other Officers. Reports from Churches and Societies and General Business. "The New Plan of Missionary Cooperation with the American Unitarian Association." General Discussion, led by the Secretary, Rev. R. C. Douthit, Baraboo.

At 7:30 P. M., Platform Meeting—"Unitarianism as Related to Religious Progress in America."

William Ellery Channing,—Early Unitarianism and Calvinism. Rev. C. F. Niles, Menomonie.

Theodore Parker,—The Unitarian Reformers. Rev. H. T. Secrist, Milwaukee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson,—Rev. V. E. Southworth, Janesville.

Oliver Wendell Holmes,—Unitarian Thought in American Literature. Prof. D. B. Frankenberger, Madison.

Henry W. Bellows,—Philanthropic Activity of Unitarian Christians. Rev. T. B. Forbush, Chicago.

On Thursday, 9:30 to 11 A. M., Ministers' Meeting—"Demands of the Age upon Teachers of Religion," led by Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago.

At 2 P. M., Parish Problems—Twenty minute papers.

How Shall the Woman's Society be most Helpful to the Church? by Mrs. Alice Ball Loomis, Richland Center.

How Shall we Reach the Men? by Rev. T. G. Owen, Arcadia.

How Shall we Reach the People? by Rev. F. C. Davis, Winona, Minn.

Young People's Societies, by Rev. C. F. Niles, Menomonie.

The Sunday School, by Rev. A. W. Gould, President Western S. S. Society, Chicago.

And at 7:30 P. M. the Closing Sermon will be given by Rev. T. B. Forbush, Chicago.

NOTE: All interested in the work of the Liberal Church are invited to attend these meetings. The Unitarian church of Madison most cordially offers the hospitality of its homes to delegates and visitors. If missed at the depots please report at the church. Those intending to be present will please send their names to Rev. W. D. Simonds, Minister Unitarian Church, Madison, Wis.

Iowa Conference.

The Program of the Seventeenth Annual Conference of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and other Independent Churches, to be held with the People's Church, Anamosa, October 15, 16 and 17, 1895, will be as follows:

TUESDAY.

Forenoon, at 9:30; Meeting of Board of Trustees In the afternoon at 2:30; Ministers' Meeting, with a Paper on The New Pulpit by Rev. Elinor Gordon, Sioux City. Discussion led by Rev. B. A. Van Sluyters, Cherokee. In the evening at 7:30, Address of Welcome, by Rev. C. I. Deyo, Anamosa. Response, Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Davenport. At 8:00, Conference Sermon, by Rev. Chas. E. Perkins, Iowa City.

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Forenoon, at 9:30, Devotional Service. At 10:00, Business Session. In the afternoon at 2:00, Sunday School Meeting: 1. Sunday School Literature, Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago. Questions and Discussion. 2. Teachers' Meetings, Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Davenport. Questions and Discussion. At 7:30, Three Aspects of Liberal Religion: 1. What the Bible means to Unitarians, Rev. T. B. Forbush, Chicago. 2. Our Thought of Man, Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago. 3, Our Faith in God, Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids.

THURSDAY.

Forenoon, 9:30, Devotional Service, led by Rev. Mr. Skilling, Decorah. 10:00, Business Session: Reports of Churches. Reports of Committees. Consideration of the plan of co-operation of the Western Conference and the A. U. A. as suggested by the recent action of the Western Conference. At 2:00 in the afternoon, Young People's Meeting: 1. The Young People's Society of Davenport: Its Beginning and its Hopes, by Miss Anna Mittlebuscher, Davenport. 2. Elements of a Successful Young People's Union, by George Greenwood, Sioux City. General Discussion. 3:30, Address, by Rev. W. A. Pratt, Keokuk. Closing Business Session. 7:30, Sermon, by Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City. The People's Church of Anamosa cordially invites all delegates and friends attending the Annual Session of the Iowa Unitarian Association, October 15, 16 and 17, 1895, to the hospitality of their homes. All those expecting to attend are requested to send their names to Judge Davis McCarn, Chairman of the Committee on Entertainment.

Eau Claire, Wis.

A large audience gathered in this little church Sunday evening, Sept. 15, as the Western Secretary stopped here on his way to the Minnesota Conference, and it seemed to be the opinion that now was a good time to make an appeal to all the liberal elements in the city. The most liberal orthodox church has just let its minister go because he was too liberal and any less liberal man will fail to hold some of his congregation. The right man here now could soon have a strong society.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Rev. A. H. Norman who has done such excellent work for the last two years in the Free Christian Church (Scandinavian) and has organized the flourishing Sunday-school, has resigned from the pastorate and has been succeeded by Rev. Herman Haugerud, of Rowe, Mass. We understand that Mr. Norman will continue the work in Brown County, which has been steadily growing under his care until it now requires all of the time one man can give.

St. Cloud, Minn.

The Minnesota Conference met with the Unitarian church in this city last week. The conference, of which an official report will appear in the next number of the NEW UNITY, was remarkably successful. The opening sermon by Mr. Lord, of St. Paul, was extremely suggestive and timely, and we hope it may appear in our columns before long, while the addresses by Mr. Simmons, Mr. Shutter and others on the second evening were strong and eloquent, and attracted a large audience. But the chief thing the visitors will remember was the cordial welcome to their beautiful church and their pleasant homes given by the members of this society. We were glad to learn that the financial difficulties which threatened the church have been bravely overcome by the earnest work and generous self-sacrifice of

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[From The New Unity, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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the church members, so that they start upon a new year with all obligations squarely met, and with the courage coming from such a successful effort, and with a minister who is destined to be a great power for good in this community.

Winona, Minn.

Rev. C. F. Davis, who has been the minister of the liberal church in this city for several years past, has resigned the pastorate. He will still reside in the city and continue in the ministry, devoting himself to the care of the societies at Plainview, Minn., and Neilsville, Wis., where he has been remarkably successful in rousing interest and gathering the people.

The Sunday School.

The World Is Saved by the Breath of the School Children.

The Nature Leaflets.

Several questions have been asked about these leaflets that show a misunderstanding of their purpose and their form. They are intended to be put into the hands of the children from ten or twelve years down to the very youngest. The pictures were selected and the text written expressly for them. Our schools have not had anything that could appeal to the eye of the child and that came each week and could be taken home as the the child's own to show to its parents. The half-tone pictures by first class artists, one of which appearsin each number, are intended to arouse and elevate the taste of the child, while at the same time the subject is one that bears on the lesson itself.

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The Study Club.

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Milwaukee.

The Unity Club of Milwaukee, has the following program for its literature section.

Oct. 16. The Office of Poetry. The Elements of Imagination and Emotion. Conflict Between Science and Poetry. The Forms of Poetry. (Stedman, E. C., Nature and Art of Poetry; Arnold, M., Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Shairp, J. C., Poetic Interpretation of Nature, 811.2:8; Macaulay, T. B, Essays on Milton, 824.2:67; Swinburne, A. C., Essays and Studies, 824.2:137.)

Nov. 20. John Milton. (Lowell, J. R., Among my Books, Second Series, 820.5:10; Prose Works, 820.1:23; Brooke, S. A.; Whipple, E. P., Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, 820.5:15; Masson, D., Life of Milton, 928.-2:156; Macaulay, T. B., Essay on Milton, 824.2:67; Scherer, E., Essays on English Literature, 820.5:45.)

Dec. 18. John Dryden; Alexander Pope. (Macaulay, T. B., Essay on Dryden, 824.2:67; Lowell, J. R., Among My Books, Second Series, 820.5:10; Prose Works, 820.1:23; Arnold, M., Study of Poetry in Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Saintsbury, G., Dryden, 928.2:61; De Quincey, Thos., Essays on the Poets, 820.5:24; Warton, A., Genius and Writings of Pope, 821.5:14; Stephen L. Pope, 826.2:43; Fields, J. T., Yesterdays with Authors, 820.5:6.)

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Jan. 15. The Renaissance of English Poetry. Robert Burns; William Wordsworth. (Carlyle, T., Life of Robert Burns, 928.2:24; Shairp, J. C., Burns, 928.2:25; Brooke, S. A. Theology in English Poets, 821.5:1; Arnold, M., Preface to Selections from Wordsworth; Lowell, J. R., Among My Books, Second Series, 820.5:10; Prose Works, 820.1:23; De Quincey, Thos., Essays on the Poets, 820.-5:24; Myers, F. W. H., Wordsworth, 928.-2:141; Shairp, J. C., Studies in Poetry and Philosophy.)

Feb. 19. Sir Walter Scott; Lord Byron. (Hutton, R. H., Life of Scott, 928.2:115; Yonge, C. D., Scott, 928.2:294; Whipple, E. P., Essays and Reviews, 820.5:14; Arnold, M., Preface to Selections from Byron, 821.-2:60; Nichol, J., Life of Byron, 928.2:33.)

March 18. Percy B. Shelley; John Keats. (Symonds, A. J., Life of Shelley, 928.2:121; Dowden, E., Life of Shelley, 928.2:256; De Quincey, T., Essays on the Poets, 820.5:24; Whipple, E. P., Essays and Reviews, 820.-5:14; Arnold, M., Essays in Criticism, Second Series; Rossetti, W. M., Keats, 928.2:294; Colvin, S., Life of Keats, 928.2:257; Arnold, M., Celtic Literature; Mabie, H. W., Essays in Literary Interpretation, 820.5:48.)

April 15. Alfred Tennyson; Robert Browning. (Jennings, H. J., Lord Tennyson, 928.-2:207; Brooke, S. A., Tennyson, 928.2:370; Stedman, E. C., Victorian Poets, 821.5:5; Symons. A., Introduction to the Study of Browning, 821.5:22; Gosse, E., Personalia, 928.2:288; Mabie, H. W., Essays in Literary Interpretation, 820-5:48; Corson, H., Introduction to Browning.)

May 20. The Modern School. Dante Gabriel Rossetti; Algernon C. Swinburne; William Morris; Matthew Arnold. (Stedman, E. C., Victorian Poets; Dawson, W. J., The Makers of Modern English, 821.5:37; Mabie, H. W., Essays in Literary Interpretation, 820.5:48.)

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The October *Atlantic Monthly* is rich in good fiction. Mrs. Ward's powerful serial, A Singular Life, is concluded. There is a further installment of Gilbert Parker's Seats of the Mighty, which increases in interest with each succeeding issue. Further chapters of Charles Egbert Craddock's Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain also appear. One of the most striking contributions is another Japanese study by Lafcadio Hearn, entitled The Genius of Japanese Civilization. Among other features is a paper by Susan Coolidge, on The Countess Potocka, and an unusually readable paper of travel, by Alvan F. Sanborn, entitled The Wordsworth Country on Two Shillings a Day. Bradford Torrey's paper on Lookout Mountain is of peculiar interest in view of the memorable gathering there this summer. The poems of this issue are by John B. Tabb and Michael Field. The latter contributes Second Thoughts, which, with Tiger Lillies, in the September issue, are the first poems of this popular English writer to be printed in an American publication. The usual departments complete the issue.

The September number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, edited by The University Faculty of Political Science, of Columbia College, contains "The Gold Standard of Currency in the Light of Recent Theory," by Prof. J. B. Clark; "Ideal of the American Commonwealth," by Prof. J. W. Burgess; "The History of Pennsylvania's First Constitution," by Mr. Paul L. Ford; "The True Significance of the 'Tennis Court Oath,'" by Prof. J. H. Robinson; "The Study of Statistics," by Prof. Mayo Smith; "Relations of Labor and Politics in England," by Prof. James Mavor. Notices of Recent Literature includes some forty titles.

Jenness Miller Monthly for October shows an increase in pages over any previous issue, while the text and illustrations are kept up to its high standard. This number is full of interest, leading off, as usual, with Mrs. Miller's able article—this time on "Mechanical Treatment of the Nerves." The delightful article on "The Social Side of Women's Colleges," with its illustrations of Wellesley, Radcliffe and Vassar, will be of particular interest to college-bred women, while "The Clubs of Women" will probably be read by women and men alike, for the men are getting curious on that subject. The Fashion article is replete with sensible ideas and suggestions as to dress, and its illustrations show several handsome gowns. There are always at least two good stories in each number, and the story, "Home Coming," in this issue, is especially strong, sweet and clean.

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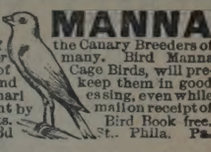

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Woman in the Snyagogue.

The tendency of the time is towards extending to woman a fuller share of activity in the world within which she moves and where her interests are centered. That woman has not been given more opportunity to take an active interest in religious and communal affairs among us, is not due to any special narrowness of spirit among the Jews. It simply reflects the general conditions around us. Among other denominations, as with us, and in secular institutions as well, woman has been looked upon as good enough to contribute money for support, but has not been asked to take an active part in managing affairs, or even by a vote to have a voice in the selection of officers. This anomalous state of affairs among us was given emphasis recently in New York, on two different occasions. In one case, when the election of minister was to be acted upon, a number of widows who annually paid their dues, and whose only barrier to vote was their sex, wished to throw their influence in behalf of the present incumbent and found that a petition expressive of their view was the only way out of the position.

Similarly the ladies of another congregation, where ritual changes were under consideration, finding no other way in which to bring personal influence to bear into the discussions, combined in forwarding a document which expressed their sentiments with reference to the matter. These straws show the direction of the current, the desire of woman to assume her share of responsibility in the conduct of affairs. The process of granting this wish is a slow one, of course, but the tendency to permit it is apparent.—*American Hebrew.*

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Germany children firmly believe in Horsel or Holda, whose boat is the moon, whose flower is the flax, and whose delight is to reward industrious little maidens. Dante makes the man in the moon Cain; in Egypt he is Horus, held to the breast of Isis, his mother and the moon; in France he is Judas; and in some parts of England the fancy obtains that he is a man who broke the Sabbath by gathering sticks from a neighbor's forest.

In Rantum the man in the moon is a giant, who, at flowing tide, stoops to pour water on the earth, and at ebb-tide stands upright, in order that the waters may subside. Devonshire folk say that the figure to be seen in the moon is that of a dog. Other people say that it is Endymion, or Isaac bearing on his back a burden of wood for his own sacrifice on Mount Moriah. Danes fancied that the moon is a cheese made from the milk that has run out from the Milky Way. Pearls and all other white stones, except diamonds, are in sympathy with the moon, according to the Rosicrucians, and should be worn on Mondays. A curious Eastern fancy is that the figure in the moon is that of the pattern wife, Ina, who weaves the clouds into white cloth; and who, after the lapse of many years, sent her mortal husband back to earth by the rainbow bridge in order that death might not defile her heavenly home. The cat and the panther are connected with the moon in some vague and occult fashion; indeed, in Australia the moon is represented as a native cat, and also in Egypt. In China the celestials say that there is a frog in the moon, a metamorphosed beauty, called Chango.—*All the Year Round.*

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Albany, N. Y.

Rabbi Alex Lyons, of Terre Haute, Ind., on invitation, delivered sermons before Dr. Schlesinger's Congregation on Friday night and Saturday morning of last week.

Atlanta, Ga.

Ruth Ward Kahn will speak before the Woman's Congress at the Exposition, Oct. 24. Mrs. Kahn speaks by invitation of the Woman's National Press Association, of which she is the youngest member.

Helena, Mont.

For the first time in the history of this city, a Jewish minister conducted services in a Christian church on last Sunday. Rev. J. H. Crooker, of the Unitarian Congregation, being called east, invited Rabbi Michnik to occupy his pulpit in his absence. The rabbi spoke on "The Unity of Religion" before a large and appreciative assemblage representative of the culture and intellect of the city, and made a very favorable impression.

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THE structures on Midway Heights, at the Cotton States and International Exposition, are taking shape very rapidly. The enclosure and structures for Cairo Street are approaching completion. The same is true of the German Village, the Chinese Village, the Mystic Maze and the Palace of Illusion. The steel structural work for the great Phœnix Wheel is en route between Pittsburg and Atlanta, and the foundation is to be ready by the time the material arrives. The work is all completed, and the erection will occupy but a few weeks. The Mexican Village is about done, and the work is now proceeding on the arena for the bull fight. Mr. Kee Owyang, concessionaire for the Chinese Village, is now on his way from China to America with material for his show. He is bringing a bevy of Chinese ladies for a beauty show. Select plays will be presented in the Chinese theater, in the true Oriental fashion. The Vaudeville Theater will soon be ready. Close to this is the Beauty Show. The Little World will receive a great deal of attention. At a place remote from the Midway, between the Woman's Building and the lower lake, is the Japanese Village, with quaint buildings and picturesque gardens, bazaars, etc.

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TIME speeds on—before you realize it Christmas is at hand and the worry of selecting gifts begins. An inexpensive gift that will give pleasure and be of utility and at the same time suggest appropriateness is one of the most difficult problems that confronts us at holiday times. The trouble is we put it off too long. Nothing seems to suggest itself as "just the thing" and thus the important duty of selecting our gifts is left till the last minute and one must then" take what is left." The readers of the NEW UNITY should not be of the dilly-dally sort. The World's Fair souvenir spoons are *just the thing*. And as bridal or birthday gifts it would be a hard matter to find another gift so pleasing to the donor, at such a small price. One lady writes:

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MRS. FRANK MEYERS,
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Gentlemen:—I received your card this morning in regard to the spoons sent us. The spoons came all right and we were well pleased with them. Mrs. Seckner showed them to a few of her lady friends and all wanted them, but all did not feel as though they could take them.

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